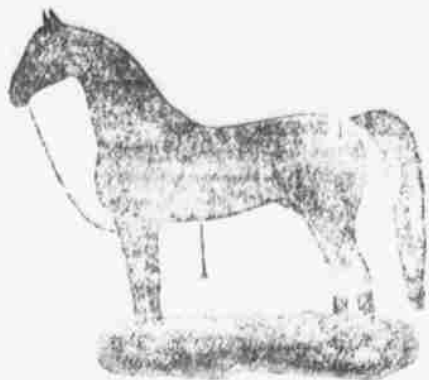


Fine Saddle Stallions

At Monroe City



Gloster 154

King Peavine 2218

Missouri Denmark 2304

These Three Fine Saddle Stallions will make the season of 1907 at the Monroe City Fair Grounds

For catalog and terms address

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GEO. ALLERTON

Geo Allerton by Allerton out of Wilkesdust a granddaughter of Geo Wilkes who was also the sire of Allerton and Allerton's dam 2 c m ng 3 156 in list in 1906 Blood bay with black points extra bone fine tail and mane and full of quality, much resembling his sire. A full brother, Leon Wilkes, at the stud of Dr. N H Lowry of Woodhu 111 is a proven sire of high class carriage horses. Many of his 3 year old untrained colts selling at \$200 and better. Geo Allerton will be permitted to serve a limited number of mares

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Pure bred Clydesdale bred by Col. Holloway, Alexis Ill. America's most famous Clydesdale breeder. Cedric Jr by Cedric best Clydesdale sire ever in America, seven years old, bay, white face and feet, extra zone and action. Is a sound horse, of perfect type and is a proven sire of horses of the marketable kind.

TERMS—Both horses will stand at \$10 to insure living colt. In all cases colt will stand good for season. When mare is parted with money is due. Will make season 6 miles northwest of Monroe City at my barn.

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THE DEMOCRAT

W. J. ROUSE, Editor.
R. F. HIXSON, City Editor.

TERMS \$1.00 PER YEAR.

Entered at the post office at Monroe City, Mo. as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1907

If I Were a Voice

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.
If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
To save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town.

And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, a prevailing voice,

I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,

And whisper words that would guide them right.

Lessons of priceless worth I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,

And tell them things they never heard,

Truths which the ages for aye repeat

Unknown to the statesmen at their feet

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,

I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty!"

Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear,

I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day,

Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice,

If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

—Charles Mackay.

Dr. L. Bell was transacting business in Quincy, Saturday.

Missouri Notes.

A Maine newspaper says the way to make a cat stay home is to grease its feet, and the Bethany Republican suggests that wives try this treatment on their husbands.

If the power of all the knockers in this country could be concentrated upon the digging of the canal, the Springfield Leader believes it would be completed several years ahead of time.

After a visit to the dentists, the editor of the La Monte Record has come to the conclusion that all foolishness probably began with the statement that teeth could be pulled without pain.

Cupid is always represented with a bow and arrow. From the number of divorces the Aurora Advertiser thinks it would be more appropriate to have the little fellow pictured with a stiletto or tomahawk.

Recently a Nevada editor published an obituary concerning a man who had made a fortune as a promoter of mining interests. The tribute was headed, "Death Loves a Shining Mark," but the printer made it "Mining Shark." Three husky sons of the deceased survive.

This is what a rural editor says about young idlers: "We are raising too many society tops, parlor soldiers and cigarette suckers and street loafers. When we see a little foppish short dress silly girl, just jumping into her teens, gadding up and down the streets, talking slang and flirting with the boys, entertaining young jobless bloods in the parlor in the night time when she ought to be in her trundle bed beneath her mother's tucked snugly in; when we see knee pants kids and beardless youths loafing up and down the streets who are too trifling to think, and too stuck up to do odd jobs around the house, we exclaim it's not statutory law that we need, but it's parental law."

To the person guessing nearest the number of stars in the heavens next Thursday night, the Moberly Monitor offers a handsome suit of winter clothing; to the next nearest a quart of onion sets; to the third a counterfeit half dollar; to the fourth a half-pint of diluted water and to the fifth a wheelbarrow load of sandpapered post holes. The person farthest away a booby prize of a \$600 diamond ring will be given.—Kansas City Post.

For a first class hair cut go to Strean & Fisher's.

When Teddy Roosevelt Spoke a Piece.

From Judge's Library.

The story is told that when President Roosevelt was a boy he had to speak a piece at school. He began:

"At midnight in his guarded tent

The Turk lay dreaming of the hour

White Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,

Should tremble at his power."

He started all right, and got as far as "Greece, her knee," and stopped. He had forgotten the rest. He started again,

could get no further than "Greece, her knee—Greece, her knee," when a young wag in the audience hollered,

"Grease her knee again, Ted and I'll bet she'll go."

"The city daily may give the telegraph news of the world in quicker and better service, the mail order house may occasionally undersell the home merchant, the glory of the city's lights may dazzle, but at the end of the week home and home institutions are the best. So only one publication gives the news we wish to know—the country paper. The city business man throws away his financial journal and his yellow "extra" and tears open the pencil addressed home paper that brings to him memories of our new mown hay and fallow fields and boyhood. Regardless of its style, its grammar or its politics, it holds its reader with a grip that the city editor may well envy."

Thursday Mesdames Thomas Proctor, Bert Buli and Miss Bessie Elzea, went to Quincy to feed the Squirrels around Washington Park. You see the Squirrels believe in publicity and advertising.

The sorrel horse that served the Variety Store so well under E. G. Shryack and J. F. Crawford, is now the delivery horse at the Jarman feed and grist mills.

The sisters Mesdames C. H. Smith of Quincy and W. M. Barnes, formerly Lula and Ella Mudd, were with Monroe friends Thursday.

Uncle Jimmie Spalding, of Hunnewell came over Thursday afternoon to visit his son, W. B. Spalding.

Mrs. Bates Fields and mother Mrs. Foley, arrived from Liberty, Thursday afternoon to spend several weeks with relatives.

Smith's Sure Kidney Cure.

The only guaranteed kidney remedy. Buy it—try it—it costs you nothing if it fails. Price 50 cents.—L. J. Yates.

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Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

New business desired and unexcelled facilities offered.

The engineers on the Burlington are on the bump in the yards in this city. Last Saturday they bumped the end out of a flat car. Wednesday evening they bumped the life of a \$400 horse for Mudd & Buckman, that had been loaded in a car and Thursday morning a hog engine bumped a box car off of its trucks in the yards. So you see bumping comes high.

Sore Hand.

Miss Bessie Sharp has been nursing her right hand, she was handling some kindling and a nail in it punctured her right hand, making a very painful and annoying wound.

Joseph Kincaid has made a deal for Emmet Yowell and sold his residence property Corner fourth and Davis Streets to Geo. Howe, consideration private.

W. B. A. McNUTT, M. D.

Office over Wood's Drug Store. Residence phone 29.

J R B KIDD,

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Will conduct sales anywhere on reasonable terms. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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The Monroe City DEMOCRAT Bryan's Commoner. 1.65 a year

John O. Wood, of Canton has been the guest of his daughter, Mrs. E. S. Boulware.